

Children after the rate of 24 in a yeare,
Thats 2 euery month as plaine doth appeare,
Let no man at this strang story wonder.
It goes to the tune, of *Quer and Vnder*.



There was a country gallant,
that walked had his tallent,
Not dreading what would fall out,
would needs a loving ride;
Unto a lasse of the citie,
that conteuous was and pittie,
This damsell neat and witty;
he would goe make his Bride:
This lasse we had of wealth good store,
her stocke was threescore pound and more,
Though some supposed her to be poore,
the same hath late bene tried.
Rocke the Cradle, rocke the Cradle,
rocke the cradle John,
Ther's many a man rockes the cradle,
when the child's none of his owne.
Unto this lasse, incontinent,
the young-man went with good intent,
His lone was fired and firmly bent,
to take her to his wife:
Quoth he my sweet, while life doth last,
my heart is in thy bosome placed,
Let not my fate be now disgraced,
As lone thee as my life:
Said she your suit I must deny,
for I haue bowed a maid to dye,
If I lose my virginity,
it sure will breed much strife.
Rocke the cradle, &c.
I haue bene wooed by Harry,
but I indeed will tarry.
I neuer meane to marry,
while I on earth remaine:
Sweet William and young Thomas too,
and Richard hath made much ado,

And shed with teares did often wee,
but Humphrey did complaine,
All these bzane gallants I forsaake,
I pzethee John no more woordes make,
But to some other course betake,
I doe thy sute disdainne:
Goe rocke the cradle, &c.

The man no whit dismayed,
at that which she had said.
But with his sweet heart stayed,
and did request her still:
He did intreat her fauour,
twas all that hee did crane her,
That he might onely haue her,
his fancy to fulfill:
My heart doth fry in Cupids fire,
thy beauty I doe much admire,
Then petio my lone to my desire,
or else a man you kill:
Rocke the cradle, &c.

When she her selfe did vnderstand,
she had a foole caught by the hand,
Her ship she knew was soundly maned,
her belly wondrous round:
Thought she this is a friend of mine,
its best make hay while sunne doth shine,
Pet to some thing I will him loyne,
before my fault be found,
Said she if I be made thy wife,
thou must me honour all thy life,
And carefull be for feare of strife,
like to a pzentise bound.
Rocke the cradle, &c.

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The second part.

To the same tune.

In the morning if I thee desire,
thou must rise by and make a fire,
And other things I shall require,
which thou must undertake:
My breakfast thou must dress also,
that I from bed to it may go,
All these hard tasks and many more,
thou must not then forsake,
To brush my gowne and set my band,
make cleane my shoes at my command,
Thy businesse thou must understand,
if I the word but speake.
Rocke the cradle, &c.

And when we chance to haue a child,
thou must like to a father milde,
Unto the same be reconciled,
and bounce it on thy knee:
O! if the infant cry for pay,
thou then must take it in thy lay,
And feed it well what euer hap,
if John will marry mee:
Thou must take pains as thou art able,
to make the bed and serue at table,
And lay the young one in the cradle,
whilst I sing merrily.
Rocke the cradle, &c.

Sweet heart quoth he to please thee,
He doe all things to ease thee,
I will not once displease thee,
nor yet my love offend thee,
My hands vnder your feete He lay,
the winde shall not my love annoy,
Soe thou wilt be mine onely toy,
He loue thee to the end,
He make the bed the house He sweep,
and lull the baby fast asleep,
What you command my selfe will keepe,
and will my humour bend:
Rocke the cradle, &c.

To this they both agreed,
and married were with speed,
For she had wondrous need,
as you shall heare hereafter:
The same day moneth that they were wedde,
the married man was finely spedde,
His wife was safely brought to bed,
and had both sonne and daughter,
Which by the midwife in was brought,
quoth she you haue a strange thing wrought

Two children in a month begot,
and so tooke by a laughter.
Rocke the cradle, rocke the cradle,
rocke the cradle John,
Said hee the children I will rocke,
for why they be mine owne.
He kiss the girl and loued the boy,
said he you are your fathers Joy,
Thers many are in great annoy,
because they haue no child:
I knew a Lord and Lady faire,
that did desire to haue an heire,
Now I my selfe haue got a paire,
and they are both beguilld.
My wife is frutesfull now I see,
and will some great increase bring mee,
They are your owne assuredly,
then said the mid-wife milde,
Rocke the cradle, &c.

See here the boy is like the dad,
which well may make your heart full glad
Cheere ty your selfe and be not sad,
for that which here is done:
His ruby lips doe plaine disclose,
his cherry cheeks and daddes owne nose,
For twenty pound, I will not lose,
quoth he my little sonne:
Soe well content this sale was found,
he leapt for joy above the ground,
Old sorowes shall quoth he be vnground,
since now are fresh begun:
Rocke the cradle, Jog the cradle,
thus He haue it indubitate,
I lone to rocke the cradle,
the children be mine owne.

Al you which now haue heard this dittie,
take heed with wises how you doe sit ye,
For if you came to London city,
you quickly may be sped
As here you see this countrie Lad,
within one Moneth was made a Dad
Though he but little share int had,
his wife was brought to bed,
And now this simple woodcocke,
the cradle is constrained to rocke,
His neighbours doth deride and mocke,
cause he is so besidead,
They moue and cry, and to him say,
Still the Children John,
Tis enough to make the man,
to thinke they be none of his owne.